

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

Editorial Opinions of the Leading Journals Upon Current Topics—Continued Every Day for the Evening Telegraph.

GILBERT C. WALKER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF VIRGINIA.

From the N. Y. Times. We are assured by one who has personally known Governor Walker for many years, that the notice of him which we published in a recent issue from the Troy Times is in many respects inaccurate, and in some particulars calculated to do the Governor injustice.

After graduating at Hamilton College Mr. Walker studied law in Birmingham, where he was admitted to the bar in 1854. In 1855 he removed to Oswego, Tioga county, New York, and entered upon the practice of his profession. He belonged to the Democratic party, and in 1856, and not in 1859, and after he had been a resident of the county upwards of a year instead of less than four months, as stated by the Troy Times, he became the Democratic candidate for District Attorney. A young man of but twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, of genial manners, and with a remarkably fine presence, he was very popular with all who knew him. But very popular with all who knew him. But very popular with all who knew him.

Three years previous he had been elected to the same office as a Whig, while on the ticket the county gave seven hundred Democratic majority. The point to be made by the Democrats was to select a candidate who could poll the entire Democratic vote against Tracy. This Walker did, and he was running slightly ahead of his ticket. To the county, however, unexpectedly went against Fremont, and Walker was, of course, defeated.

The Presidential contest of that year he was a Douglas Democrat. On the breaking out of the war in 1861, he still followed Douglas and gave his earnest support to the administration. He confined himself, however, to the practice of his profession until 1864, when he removed to Norfolk, Va., where he has since resided. Soon after settling in Norfolk he united with others in organizing a national bank, of which he became President. A Democrat, he was among the very first men in the country to insist upon the duty of the General Government to extend suffrage to the negroes of the South. As just as he is magnanimous, the freed man can have no truer friend, and the adherent of the "lost cause" no more considerate and kindly Governor, than Gilbert C. Walker.

THE FRENCH INVALID.

From the N. Y. Tribune. Europe is a great infirmary, as M. Emile Girardin has just remarked, and we agree with him that most of the nations are so sick that only liberty will cure them. Italy, through demonstrations in her principal cities, has been faithfully imitating the distempers of France, not to repeat her recent scandal of Parliamentary corruption. Spain has a government with anarchy growing outside. Austria is only over one of a series of crises which her polyglot empire is bound to undergo. South Germany has tendencies to Bismarck, and antipathies to Rome, which Hohenlohe is striving to put in logical, and even hostile, array. France, at the head of the continental infirmary, has called in her doctors for consultation. She has not only chosen them for herself in part, but she insists on a certain form of cure.

Both schools of political treatment have been heard, with many advantages of power and prejudice in favor of the worst of them. It was claimed for the Emperor that he had restored universal suffrage, granted amnesty, and liberty of the press, and of public meeting; that he had abolished capital punishment, imprisonment for debt, and ameliorated the penitentiary system; that he had proposed new and good laws on associations, and made an advantageous treaty of commerce; that he had built at his own cost many cheap lodgings, and reduced the taxes on small shopkeepers; that he had founded co-operative societies, and charitable banks, and asylums, and soup-kitchens; that he has succeeded the poor, provided for the children, and diffused gratuitous instruction; that he had come to appreciate the great fact that their hopes could triumph only through success from Spain. He is the first instalment of this savior and the depository of the power of the metropolis, and his words are waited for in anxious silence. These are soon heard, and they recognize that the hitherto derided insurrection is now the fearful calamity of civil war, and they express the hope of being able to triumph in the contest, through the "brave and disciplined army, and the armed volunteers, to whose determined spirit and efforts the salvation of the island is partly due." Then follow words of unequalled praise of the volunteers, who are declared to "deserve finally, has beautified Paris, and had come to reply that her Emperor's charity is cruel, since she has to pay a hundred fold for all the alms she gets, besides having to support the immense pensionary system of an empire—to pay for soldiers to keep her quiet, and officials to keep her disgraced. The empire absorbs two billions and a half of francs every year, and yet gets into debt. It gives \$29,000 to each of its Councilors, and \$6000 to each of its Senators; to all of the imperial connection annuities, and since 1852 about \$190,000,000 to the Church. The Crimean war cost France about \$200,000,000 more; the Italian war about \$75,000,000; Rome nearly \$10,000,000; China \$50,000,000; Syria \$1,000,000; and Mexico \$200,000,000. Sick France has to spend nearly \$180,000,000 on her army every year, and, in short, says one of her most earnest radicals, the empire has cost in fourteen years, without counting a deficit of four hundred millions, no less than five, and very nearly six, billions of francs. The general objection to the empire may be resolved into the fact that it is too expensive and at the same time of too little worth to be paid for with Frenchmen's lives, liberties, and purses at one and the same time.

These things being understood, there could be no mistake as to the verdict of the late elections. The Emperor did not fail to catch its meaning. But the process of imperial legislation, the remedy of imperial concession, is supposed to be a matter of nice calculation as to time, tone, and occasion. After talking to bourgeois and cures at Beauvais,

and soldiers at Chalons; after whispering with Prince Napoleon, and reading a public letter from Duke Persigny; after writing to M. Mackau and M. Schneider, meanwhile firing a score of proverbs and directing sentences against a goodly number of their writers, including Henri Rochefort, the Emperor has approached the ground of surrender. He said that the empire could not yield to passion; but we knew that all he wanted was a ceremony, with proper discounts of feelings on either side, and then the Emperor would yield like the usurper of liberties that he is, lending them out with avicious tact and upon good interest.

But the least concession which the Emperor can now make is important. He can do no more, say the Radicals and Liberals, than erect the principle of ministerial responsibility. According to fresh advice by the cable, his ministry have offered their resignations. The Emperor answers them with a shrug, a doubt, and with a certain affectation. "Are you sure, gentlemen, that the country is with you?" and "Here is a question of dignity which will not yield to any pressure." But the Emperor is letting himself down gracefully all the while, if our telegrams are to be believed, and is only disturbed in mind to think that he shall fall off in the estimation of France as a model of deportment of deportment under pressure. It is not for kings to be martyrs, and it won't do for them to be martyrs to yield to it, unless the descent be a great deal more gradual than the rise. We hear that the imperial ministry has not been dissolved, and that the Emperor's concessions include a choice of ministers from the legislative body. His Majesty is a shrewd politician and a grave student, but at this moment his solemn occupation seems to be the discovery of not what will avail to cure France so much as what will safely keep her sick. The cure of the disease would be the death of the Emperor. For the matter, His Majesty is the disease.

THE CUBAN CAMPAIGN OF LIBERATION.

From the N. Y. Herald.

Time is calling the roll of events which mark the decay of Spanish power in America with a rapidity that has no precedent in the history of the Spanish American colonies. On the 4th day of January of the present year General Dulce arrived at Havana full of high hope to assume the command of that important colony. Four months before that day an apparently unimportant revolution had broken out in Yara, which his predecessor had been impotent to suppress, and Céspedes, as the ruler of free Cuba, was then installed at Bayamo. General Dulce arrived when the Spanish power reigned in the full flush of its strength. Its army had not yet been depleted; the great sugar district of the island was just beginning to harvest its product and pour its wealth into the lap of the colonial power, and the Spanish population of the cities and the large towns had been recently organized in battalions, filled with enthusiasm and hope. The promises of peace which the words of Dulce bore to the revolted Cubans were sustained by the possibilities of a strong and able administration, which seemed to have full power to enforce its threats and satisfy its vengeance.

But six short though eventful months have elapsed since we looked upon this picture, and again we behold the spectacle which attracts the gaze of a new Captain-General. The wealth of men and resources which existed at the opening of the year has been lavished, but the enthusiastic hopes of the battalions of Spanish volunteers have not been realized, while the failure of Dulce has compelled his involuntary return to Spain. General de Rodas comes to take his place; but how different is the situation! The revolution has enjoyed a six months' longer lease of life, and life to an unoppressed revolution means organization and an increase of power. The army has been depleted till it has ceased to be the hope and the reliance of the Government. The harvest has been gathered and all its wealth expended without diminishing the needs of the administration. The enthusiasm of the volunteer battalions has been changed to discord and distrust, and the strength of the new commander has been reduced to the few hundreds of troops he has brought with him to march into the great fortress that commands the island capital and hold no intercourse with the volunteers or troops in the city.

After this General de Rodas lands and walks in solemn procession the distance of a few rods which lie between the landing place and the palace. Not a female face beams upon his arrival, and the grim and belted volunteers receive him with a few scanty cheers and an abundance of criticisms upon his bearing and his supposed intentions. They had violated all law in deposing his predecessor, and in the four weeks during which they had controlled the government they had learned the urgency of its needs, and they had appreciate the great fact that their hopes could triumph only through success from Spain. He is the first instalment of this savior and the depository of the power of the metropolis, and his words are waited for in anxious silence. These are soon heard, and they recognize that the hitherto derided insurrection is now the fearful calamity of civil war, and they express the hope of being able to triumph in the contest, through the "brave and disciplined army, and the armed volunteers, to whose determined spirit and efforts the salvation of the island is partly due." Then follow words of unequalled praise of the volunteers, who are declared to "deserve finally, has beautified Paris, and had come to reply that her Emperor's charity is cruel, since she has to pay a hundred fold for all the alms she gets, besides having to support the immense pensionary system of an empire—to pay for soldiers to keep her quiet, and officials to keep her disgraced. The empire absorbs two billions and a half of francs every year, and yet gets into debt. It gives \$29,000 to each of its Councilors, and \$6000 to each of its Senators; to all of the imperial connection annuities, and since 1852 about \$190,000,000 to the Church. The Crimean war cost France about \$200,000,000 more; the Italian war about \$75,000,000; Rome nearly \$10,000,000; China \$50,000,000; Syria \$1,000,000; and Mexico \$200,000,000. Sick France has to spend nearly \$180,000,000 on her army every year, and, in short, says one of her most earnest radicals, the empire has cost in fourteen years, without counting a deficit of four hundred millions, no less than five, and very nearly six, billions of francs. The general objection to the empire may be resolved into the fact that it is too expensive and at the same time of too little worth to be paid for with Frenchmen's lives, liberties, and purses at one and the same time.

These things being understood, there could be no mistake as to the verdict of the late elections. The Emperor did not fail to catch its meaning. But the process of imperial legislation, the remedy of imperial concession, is supposed to be a matter of nice calculation as to time, tone, and occasion. After talking to bourgeois and cures at Beauvais,

will soon show what events remain in store to mark the closing days of Spanish power in the New World.

THE DRAMATIC TEAPOT.

From the N. Y. World.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! A personal squabble of two unscrupulous men has swollen, with a few weeks' nursing, into an international feud. When a certain Mr. Henderson, the agent here of an English burlesque troupe, was asked indecently in a sporting paper and assaulted in the theatre where his troupe was performing, it gave rise to a ten hours' sensation among the very small number of hangers-on about theatres and sporting papers; and then the matter would have died out had not Mr. Henderson set systematically to work fanning it, both here and abroad, feeding the flame with cards and letters, until it now threatens to roast all those who have any kee critics who never heard of Henderson at all. Had this gentleman quietly subsided, after his exhortation, into his unobtrusive sub-managerial duties, reserving the redress of his wrongs for such time and means as are legally furnished in this country quite as promptly as in England, the vituperation of his assault would have remained innocuous in its natural seclusion. But being wounded to the quick, and, withal, being clever as the thing goes among managers, he succeeded in creating the impression abroad that he was the victim of a concerted hostility here to all English actors. Whatever small consolation it may be to the aggrieved Briton, sojourning far away from Bow Street and the joys of the Times, to ventilate himself in this manner, must be cheerfully accorded him; but the result is peculiarly painful to the forbearing rectitude of the average Yankee critic, who is now accused by heavy English editorials of carrying a revolver in his pocket and a bowie-knife in his boot-leg to all representations by English actors, and to be endowed with an irresistible impulse to "gouge" these imported innocents after the curtain is down, and otherwise cantankerously chaw them up on all occasions. We hear with sorrow a great deal of ponderous talk, on the other side, of Yankee prejudice and the restriction of the press, the injustice of criticism, and the protection of the blondes—all of which, it is needless to say, is the sheerest and most unwarrantable nonsense, hardly equal to the article which Britain has furnished to our boards.

As for the animosity of the American press and people to English actors, it is a pure figment of the perturbed British brain. It long ago became a well-settled conviction in this country that England had no actors, save such as were lent to her by France and America. Heaven knows our managers have turned every stone in the kingdom in their search for them. With our characteristic generosity, we sent them Bateman, Patti, Kellogg, Florence, Reingolds, Fairclough, Jefferson, Drew, Clarke, Sothorn, Owens, and Mark Smith, and received in return barbaquers, clowns, and Hendersons. The feeling on this side has been one of mild disappointment and sorrowful remonstrance. Scott-Siddons was treated with a tender consideration of her British parentage which her talents did not warrant. The kindest and most amiable advice was bestowed upon Fiddes to induce her to learn a profession which she was not calculated to perform, and her British husband flew to this country breathing fire and smoke against the manager who only insisted on her leaving the theatre, she was not calculated to benefit. We commiserated Gladstone and Susan Galton and Lucy Rushton as became our hospitality and long suffering. We put up with Marriott in exchange for Susan Denin, whom we sent to greedy Britons with all her imperfections on her head; and we hid our disappointment at the inequality of the barter. We fattened Lingard in his foolery. We cast our pearls before Henry Beckett. We actually—such was the height to which we carried our consanguineous forbearance—we actually tolerated Farnie.

But all our magnanimity counts for nothing, it seems, because this injudicious and unfortunate Henderson has had his nose pinched in a personal broil. Little use is there in trying to enlighten the nervous old lady over the water. We may assure her that it is many years since we unscathed unpopular actors on Broadway, and that the sale of far and feathers at the entrances to English performances has been abolished. She will continue to quote Henderson, and to asseverate that it eclipses the most extravagant pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and justifies the intemperate attacks of Arthur Sketchley. Still, as a mere soother to the nerves of the few remaining burlesquers in England who are all meditating a descent upon us, and as simple matter of fact, we must be permitted to say that no English blonde so far as we have heard, has been tried on a trial this season. Furthermore, that our critics no longer attend the theatre in their war-paint or dusty from recent buffaloning, and, as a rule, leave their bowie-knives in the lobby. Even Mr. Henderson may sleep sweetly o' nights within pistol-shot of the Rowdy journal's office if he but give up letter-writing. There is no danger, ladies. Not the slightest. We are not incensed. We are sad and sick.

DEAN STANLEY ON INTERNATIONAL INTERCOURSE.

From the N. Y. World.

The sermon which the cable reports to us to have been preached on the Fourth of July in London by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Stanley, would seem to have been "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." It was fitly spoken, for, as the Fourth fell upon a Sunday, the theme naturally passed to the legitimate domain of the pulpit; and it was a word fit to be spoken, if the gist of it was, as the telegrams bring it to us, an earnest plea for tolerance and courtesy of speech between England and America. It is astonishing how much mischief has been done in this world by men's feelings as public persons; the civility which is a part of their songs the civilly citizens. No decent American ever dreams of insulting an individual Englishman because he is an Englishman, and no decent Englishman ever gives an individual American to understand that he expects him to pick his teeth with a bowie-knife, or sit at dinner in a Panama hat, or expectorate on the carpet, merely because he is an American. But our public men, both in the press and in the Senate, are extremely given to hurling foul scorn at the "bloated aristocracy" of Britain; and, if English statesmen as a rule are less guilty in this particular towards us than are American statesmen towards England, the English press makes up for their want of grace in the most liberal fashion. The best American papers discuss English themes more intelligently, we think, and more fairly than American themes are usually discussed by the best English journals.

Of course, Dean Stanley's sermon was aimed at his own countrymen chiefly. But his exhortations may profitably be remembered and applied on our own side of the water. It does not detract from their value

to us, and will hardly impair their good influence in England, that Dean Stanley is by no means what we know here as a political preacher. To say that he is one of the finest and ripest scholars of whom the English Church can boast, and that his place among men of letters is far above the salt, is to say what everybody who knows anything either of the English Church or of English letters. But he is a living man of the world (we use the phrase in its best sense) as well as a scholar and a man of letters. He was married a few years ago to one of the sisters of the late Sir Frederick Bruce, a lady whom many travelled Americans know and honor as one of the truest and most intelligent friends whom we possess in Great Britain; and, as the relations both of Dr. Stanley and of his wife with their sovereign are notoriously those of near personal friendship it may be safely assumed that, in selecting his theme and the day for treating his theme, the Dean of Westminster was governed by political considerations, although of no vulgar or ignoble kind. The sermon, indeed, may be taken as a semi-official declaration that the highest personage in the British realm earnestly desires that peace, good-will, and justice may prevail between her people and ourselves. The Queen of Great Britain, it is true, cannot control either a single powerful press or a fragment of a political party in her own dominions. She does not even vote; and, if we are to believe the ladies of the Revolution, she is, therefore, but an insignificant and helpless sort of person. But she is, notwithstanding all this, a genuine power in Britain. Her spirit and her proclivities have a real influence, and it is not a trifling thing that, in this matter of the existing irritation between England and America, the spirit of the English sovereign should be just and her proclivities pacific.

We doubt, on the whole, whether those who are esteemed to be hostile to us in the English world of opinion heed Dean Stanley's admonitions so much as those who are compassionately "by way of being friendly to us." So far as America is concerned, the leading sin of English comment upon us and our affairs is its more or less consciously supercilious tone, and this is decidedly more provoking from a professed well-wisher than from an open or a probable enemy. The foolishness of such a friend, for example, as Mr. Goldwin Smith, who thinks our newspapers want "elevation of tone" because they sometimes quiz the hat and boots of H. G., is a good deal harder to bear than the vituperation of such a thorough foe as Roebuck. That a man grown, and a professor at Lord Brougham and his shocking bad hat shown up in all possible forms in all sorts of British journals ever since he could read, should be scandalized when Americans take like liberties with their own public characters, is hardly to be wondered at. It implies that, in the professor's judgment, we are a raw and inferior kind of people for whom there is no escape from solemnity save into malice. Or, when the Times again treats the Boston Peace Festival as a serious indication that the American people, after all, are not so savage and blood-thirsty as their general ways and manners would lead people to fancy, it is hard to elect between laughing at the absurdity and being vexed by the impertinence. What Dean Stanley seems to have laid to heart—the fact, namely, that England and America must henceforth treat each other with the frankness and unreserved justice of equals, if they are to maintain friendly relations at all—is a simple thing enough for us. But it is very far from being really and generally appreciated in England. And so we hope that the Dean's discourse may help to do a real good in England which greatly needs to be done there. Those who would just now be most benefited by it on our side of the house, we fear it will hardly touch. Sumner and his associates, having taken up England for a thorough "dressing" from the "highly moral," pedagogic, and parennetic point of view, will hardly be persuaded to subside into Christians and gentlemen even by a kindly sermon preached in London on the Fourth of July by one of the chaplains of the grand-daughter of George III.

A GOOD SIGN.

From the N. Y. Times.

The heartiness with which the South generally joined all other parts of the country in the celebration of the national anniversary is an excellent token of the progress made in reviving the national spirit.

During the war no such disposition was manifested. In fact, one of the very first acts of South Carolina, after her passage of the secession ordinance, was the abrogation of the Fourth of July as a holiday; and every secession ordinance elsewhere was followed by similar action. It was instinctively associated with the national ideas and associations of the Fourth were all counter to the traitorous work in which they were engaged. It was thus a prime object with them to get rid of the day altogether.

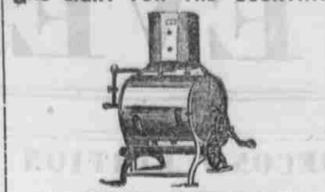
Conversely, there can be but one interpretation of their present alacrity in greeting the day with the old honor. It adds another proof that the redeeming agencies have taken a strong hold in the Southern heart, and have already nearly remoulded it to the cast of American citizenship. It is another illustration of the historical fact that there is a peculiar vital principle in American nationality—an essence in the blood that will not die out, and forever establishes that, "Once an American, always an American."

It is rare that an immigrant from the Old World is seen who has any attachment to his native land except merely as the soil that gave him birth. To his original government he is no longer bound by the least tie of sympathy. All loyalty to that he has cast from him forever, and has become morally incapable of ever renewing it. But no man who has been born to American citizenship—who has once rejoiced in its acknowledged glory as in the sunshine of heaven, can ever forget it or long renounce it. The pride and joy of it have become a part of his personal existence—a second nature which cannot be discarded. If, in weakness or folly, it is set at naught for a while, it is sure, in due time, to reassert itself. It is this peculiar indefeasibility of American sentiment that justified the old answer to the secessionists, that even if they should accomplish their end their success would be only temporary, that the divided country would surely come together again. It was this, too, that justified the faith all through the darkest days of the war that there was nothing in the malign predictions of implacable sectional hatred and interminable sectional feuds which would make a restored Union a monstrous counterfeit and a curse instead of a blessing. If there has not yet been time to work out pacification fully, there is no lack of proof that the old spirit is renewing its strength, and is bound to prevail.

BOARDING.

At No. 1131 GIRARD STREET MAY BE obtained furnished and unfurnished rooms for boarding also, if desired.

GAS LIGHT FOR THE COUNTRY.



SAFE, RELIABLE, AND ECONOMICAL.

PLACED OUTSIDE OF BUILDINGS!!

FERRIS & CO.'S

AUTOMATIC GAS MACHINES

Have been in successful operation for eleven years, and in all cases given perfect satisfaction. The light is much superior to that of city gas, at much less cost. The many accidents arising from the use of KEROSENE and OIL LAMP'S and worthless gas machines should induce persons to adopt economical, safe, satisfactory light. The simplicity of our machine, its slow motion, its superiority over all others on account of its REVOLVING EXPANSION, which takes up all the carbon from the material, and the fact that it will run for years without cost for repairs, recommend it above all others in the market. The machine can be seen in operation at our Office, where explanations and references will be given.

PHILADELPHIA, No. 327 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. Best quality of GASOLINE always on hand.

BLANK BOOKS.

BLANK BOOKS.

The Largest Stock and Greatest Variety

OF

FULL AND HALF-BOUND

BLANK BOOKS,

MEMORANDUM, PAPER,

COPY-BOOKS, ETC. ETC.

To be found in this city, is at the

OLD ESTABLISHED

Blank Book Manufactory

OF

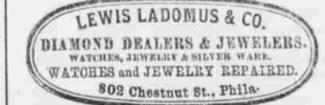
JAS. B. SMITH & CO.,

No. 27 South SEVENTH St.,

615 thirteenth PHILADELPHIA.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM, FIRST FLOOR; WARE-ROOMS, UP STAIRS.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC.



Ladies' and Gents' Watches,

AMERICAN AND IMPORTED,

Of the most celebrated makers.

FINE VEST CHAINS AND LEONTINES,

In 14 and 18 karat.

DIAMOND and other jewelry of the latest designs.

Engagement and Wedding Rings, in 18-karat and gold.

Sold Silver-Ware for Bridal Presents, Table Cutlery, Plated Ware, etc.

ESTABLISHED 1828.

WATCHES, JEWELRY,

CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, and

FANCY GOODS.

G. W. RUSSELL,

No. 22 N. SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM B. WARNE & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

S. E. corner SEVENTH and CHESTNUT Streets,

2nd floor, and late of No. 38 S. THIRD St.

WINES.

HER MAJESTY

CHAMPAGNE.

DUNTON & LUSSON,

215 SOUTH FRONT STREET.

THE ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS

directed to the following very Choice Wines, etc., for sale by

DUNTON & LUSSON,

215 SOUTH FRONT STREET.

CHAMPAGNES—Agents for her Majesty, Duc de Montebello, Carte Blanche, Carte Blanche, and Charles Heidsieck, and for the late of No. 38 S. THIRD St.

WINE—Agents for her Majesty, Duc de Montebello, Carte Blanche, Carte Blanche, and Charles Heidsieck, and for the late of No. 38 S. THIRD St.

MADEIRAS—Old Island, South Side Reserve.

SHERRIES—F. Dupont, Amontillado, Topaz, Val-de-Fair, and Golden Breeze, etc.

PORTS—Vinho Velho Real, Valletto, and Crown.

CLARETS—Promis Aine & Co., Montferriand and Bordeaux, Carats and Sauterne Wines.

GIN—"Moder Swan."

BRANDIES—Hennessey, Otard, Dupuy & Co.'s various vintages.

CARSTAIRS & MCALL,

No. 126 WALNUT and 21 GRANITE Streets,

Importers of

BRANDIES, WINES, GIN, OLIVE OIL, ETC.,

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

For the sale of

PURE OLD RYE, WHEAT, and BOURBON WHISKIES.

For the sale of

CARSTAIRS' OLIVE OIL—AN INVOICE

of the above for sale by

CARSTAIRS & MCALL,

No. 126 WALNUT and 21 GRANITE Streets.

LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

ESTABLISHED 1795.

A. S. ROBINSON,

FRENCH PLATE LOOKING-GLASSES,

ENGRAVINGS,

BEAUTIFUL CHROMOS,

PAINTINGS,

Manufacturer of all kinds of

LOOKING-GLASS, PORTRAIT, and PICTURE FRAMES.

No. 910 CHESTNUT STREET,

211 Fifth door above the Continental, Phila.

JOHN SMITH,

LOOKING-GLASS and PICTURE FRAME

MANUFACTURER,

BIBLE and PRINT PUBLISHER,

And Wholesale Dealer in

AMERICAN and FRENCH CLOCKS and REGULATORS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Also, General Agent for the sale of the "Bureka" Patent Condensing Coffee and Tea Pots—something that every family should have, and by which they can save fifty per cent.

Trade supplied at a liberal discount.

No. 916 ARCH STREET.

DR. F. GHARD, VETERINARY SURGEON.

GHARD, treats all diseases of horses and cattle, and all surgical operations, with office accommodations for horses at his infirmary, No. 999 MARSHALL Street above Poplar.

CITY ORDINANCES.

COMMON COUNCIL OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1869.

In accordance with the Resolution adopted by the Common Council of the City of Philadelphia, on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of June, 1869, the annexed bill, entitled

"An Ordinance to authorize a Loan for the Payment of Ground Rents and Mortgages," is hereby published for public information.

JOHN ECKSTEIN, Clerk of Common Council.

AN ORDINANCE.

To Authorize a Loan for the Payment of Ground Rents and Mortgages.

Section 1. The Select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia do ordain, That the Mayor of Philadelphia be and he is hereby authorized to borrow, on not less than par, on the credit of the city, from time to time, seven hundred thousand dollars for the payment of ground rents and mortgages held against the city, which interest not to exceed the rate of six per cent. per annum shall be paid, half yearly, on the first days of January and July, at the office of the City Treasurer. The principal of said loan shall